



En Route

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4 pages / 1721 words / Recounting of events – no chapters / 12 point Liberation Serif / One photographic image – page 1

Synopsis:

Satirical observations of real events with plenty of hyperbole, or at least it would be if it hadn't happened.

Topics:

- Traffic and the rigors of
- New Mexico Drivers
- Mental illness – presumed
- Theism ruining the party again
- Injury
- Delusional Determination
- Drugs

KEY:

Red Circles – Standard Activity Points

Blue Cross – Prayer Station

Yellow Xs – Impact Points

Green Circle – Me

En Route

S. LaRue – 10/2013

Eastbound on Central Avenue, sitting in the left turn lane at Louisiana Boulevard, I notice a woman standing on the SE corner, on the very edge of the sidewalk, facing North.

She is Hispanic, 4 feet tall, disheveled and has the palms of her hands four inches in front of her chest, as if she were trying to keep an invisible assailant from embracing her. She's anxious, shifts her weight from foot to foot while focusing intently on the traffic light.

The woman is 55 to 65 years old, there are visible electric arcs escaping her cranial area and it's obvious, to me anyway, there is something amiss.

I'm first in line for the next traffic light cycle, in effect have the front row seat. In a shuffling, stumbling run beginning the instant the light changes, the woman races North to the opposite corner. Before reaching the other side of Central she begins maniacally glancing to her left as if she's searching – great import awaits her, a fate she must experience without further delay – perhaps a childhood friend or an illegal substance distributor awaiting her arrival or something terribly perilous requiring her utmost vigilance is West of her position.

She doesn't actually come to a stop – her arm is outstretched as she's about to complete her Northward advance – she mashes the PUSH TO CROSS button and having done so, based on the regular discharge of lightning now forming a sort of psychedelic halo above her, she unwisely steps into the crosswalk, leans into it and begins to gain speed. Within her first three or four steps, her demeanor changes for a split second – I mean BOOM – and she is absolutely, beyond question *someone else* in every way imaginable.

She tilts her head back a little, looks up at the sky which her hands mimic and damn, it looks weird. A



grin appears, a raised eyebrow, then a quick inner chuckle, a wink and right back to storming the main drag of Albuquerque in a Westerly fashion, against the light, at an intersection that serves as a jumping off point for any number of destinations regardless of which quad of the city you're aiming for.

I shit you not – she'd checked in with Baby Jesus, he confirmed he'd witnessed the button-mashing and since he loves her so, she continues to cross knowing her path will be clear – her Patricide Victim Prince has ordained it. Ignoring mid-day traffic¹, particularly those moving South on Louisiana, the ones tapping their gas pedals and snarling, she blindly charges West – she'd pushed the button, imagined the sea of traffic to have parted and she hurriedly proceeds.

If she weren't so frail, so chihuahua-like it would be wise for her to announce with the deepest voice she could muster, “*Outta the way Peasants – I got a date with DESTINY and anyuh yawl tryan fuck me up, my boy be watchin', yo?*” while nodding and pointing upward. Nope, not this Chihuahua Lady. If you listen closely you can hear her whispering, “*I'm gonna fall, nope not yet, oh wait, here I go... AHHHH! Must hurry...Keep moving – oh, oh dear, falling, falling...*”

You ever wish you lived in Russia just so you wouldn't get shot at for having a video camera hanging from your rear view mirror? This was one of those times – this woman's appearance was off-the-chart confusing. Even if I'd thought to snap a pic on my antique cell phone, you'd take one look at it and right off you'd be, “*Oh, fuckyeh – trouble-a-brewin' in that one's bucket.*”

The best part was her lizard-on-meth-acid² style of moving. Her body language can only be described as schizophrenic; a writhing cluster of dread, fear, confidence, determination and about 100 pounds of uncut crazy. Picture this, if you dare: While making sure no one sneaks up on her *from in front of her*, the palms are up and ready and since checking in with Skydaddy Jr., she's boring a hole in a billboard 4 blocks away with her stare – she's alone on planet Earth – something important is waiting for her, this explosion of importance won't transpire until she arrives, so she's wound-the-fuck-up. Her stride is that of a bandy-legged rooster, a newborn colt combined with that of an aging circus clown who's signature riff is pretending to be drunk. While that's happening her head remains level, totally ignoring the carnival of spasms holding it in place.

Some states choose to activate the left turn signal before letting regular traffic proceed while others choose to let traffic go first, only activating the green arrow when the timer in the switch box completes it's countdown, the length of which has been determined by a distant relative of whomever may have been elected as the state's Traffic Overlord. In New Mexico where this took place, it's Left Turn Arrow FIRST, it remains activated for some arbitrary amount of time for those turning left to execute that maneuver, which gives her just enough time to get halfway across the street before non-turning drivers are free to go.

It *just so happens* there's a mobile-home-sized-four-door-Dodge-Dually stopped in the first lane she's to encounter. Fate, being a dick, put that tuck there so it's pilot could see our hapless pedestrian's unusual approach, but his vehicle is keeping anyone else from seeing her – there are three more lanes of traffic now beginning to move that have no idea she's moments from stepping in front of them from behind a strangely stationary, oversized machine that was constructed for the sole purpose of moving.

Her stature makes her almost invisible to the flow of traffic; the first lane of vehicles who's path she truncates can see her, but traffic in the next lanes, cannot. In a “*Where's yer precious Jesus now, nyah-ha-ha?*” turn of events an SUV hits her, knocking her about a foot off the ground, out of her shoes, and onto the pavement three feet South, yet failing to finish the job by running her over.

She springs to her feet, takes time to replace her shoes, and perilously darts in front of another car in the next lane, that locks its brakes and narrowly misses hitting the SUV as its four-wheel-drift subsides with but an inch to spare – he's stopped alright but the kid behind him failed to notice and smacks into the rear of his '67 Valiant, which lurches forward and bumps Our Heroine. She doesn't go down this time, her shoes are on her feet and she completely ignores being hit a second time.

A frazzled, aged, female Hispanic dwarf in crisis, being knocked out of her shoes, by a sizable SUV, indicates, in my mind, said dwarf had without a doubt, been seriously injured. She showed no outward signs as such, and continued West on Central, hands still resisting her invisible would-be embracer. The 20-something female pilot of the offending SUV, a company vehicle with logos on all sides, sped from the scene as soon as her path was clear after the arcing woman had put her shoes back on and bolted into the path of the last lane of oncoming traffic, insuring she'd get tagged again.

Pilots next to me at the light, exchanged awkward glances, shrugged their shoulders and I heard a distinct giggle to my right. I thought maybe she'd been racing to catch an approaching bus, but there were none in sight. I glanced over my shoulder to see if she had succumb to her injuries, just in time to witness her bulldoze her way through a crowd waiting at the bus stop, continuing Westward, now with a pronounced hitch in her get-along.

Wonder whose idea the left turn arrow was? Not a bad idea, nossir.

Footnotes

1. Ya drive in Albuquerque? Rule #1 – DON'T between 11:30am and 6:30pm – there's been a lunch break and everyone's drunk or acting like they are to avoid the true drunks on the road. Rule #2 – Use the Freeways in emergencies ONLY because you will be killed, let us make no mistake. You might get away with it once, twice even, but you'll fail to evade your vehicular assailants much sooner than later.

2. Meth-acid (meh-THAH-sid) is just what it sounds like.

In '75, some twat added speed to his acid cook he'd get the shit knocked out of him when some football jock's cheerleader girlfriend couldn't get into the trip enough to go looking for homos to piss on and watched television 6 inches from the screen for 9 hours, to later be dumped on the lawn in front of her house, blind, on a Sunday morning, as her folks, sick with worry, were at church praying she'd one day grow a brain.

It's my son's idea – the combining of his two favorite toys in an attempt to become the undisputed **Computer Gaming King of Earth** due to his heightened awareness and puma reflexes. It's still in the test phase, no acid has been ruined – he's slowly working up to it with mushrooms. I gotta tell ya, I did a buncha bullshit acid back in the day – I know the difference between laced and unlaced psychedelics and never, not once did I consider television as my fallback position when tripping and speeding – ya get thru it, that's all ya can do.

But the meth these days? It's oh, how can I say this succinctly – IT'S WAY DIFFERENT. I gently advise Jr. to abandon his experiment every time he stumbles out of his hole in the wall looking like he's TRYING to burst into flames so he'll have a reason to smile, if only for a moment.